

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted at—
 Per line, one insertion...15c
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 Per line, one week...30c
 Per line, two weeks...40c
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This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

If so, consult these columns.
 If you want employees or if you want employment.
 If you want lodging or boarding, or have them to let. If you want to rent rooms advertise in the Bulletin Want Columns.
 Advertise any want you have and advertise your business.

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

A JAPANESE with experience as cook wishes a position. Address F. Suzuki, P. O. Box 865. 2533-1m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is a pleasure to use Pacheco's Dandruff Killer; it may be used freely every day because it is an ideal tonic for the hair. At Union Barber Shop.

WANTED

FURNISHED room near bathroom or small furnished cottage near town is wanted by gentleman. Address X. Muller. 2532-3t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Fine corner lot in Maiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahoa College. Address H. F. this office. 2519-4t

FRESH comb honey for sale at 10 cents per pound or three pounds for 25 cents, at 741 Kihuna St., near Alapai. T. Rowan. 2531-4t

FOR SALE—Cash register, counters, shelves, ice chest, beer fountain, cheap for cash. Kahn, cor. Kukul and Nuuanu Sts. 2533-1w

FOR SALE—Elegant French walnut bed and dresser; Smith premier typewriter. "W." Bulletin office. 2548-1w

FOR SALE—Walk-in; all in good running condition. Inquire of L. H. Dee, P. O. Box 632. 2535-4t

TO LET.

TO LET—Furnished cottage; 4 rooms; mosquito proof. Enquire 45 N. Vineyard street. 2531-1w

HELP WANTED.

TO LET.

TO LET—Modern cottage, 6 rooms, porcelain bath and washstand, electric lights, 5 minutes' walk from town, electric cars pass the door. 1494 Emma st. 2531-1m

STORE TO LET—The premises lately occupied by J. P. Morgan as an auction salesroom, Queen street. Apply to M. W. McCloskey & Sons, Ltd. 2531-4t

FOR RENT: Furnished Rooms—Nice, cool, mosquito proof rooms. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-4t

TO LET—6-room cottage on River street, above Vineyard; rent cheap. J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King Sts. 2527-4t

FOR RENT—Large dwelling on Pili-ko near Lunalilo Sts.; \$30 per mo. Honolulu Investment Co., Judd Bldg. 2531-4t

TO LET—Furnishing housekeeping rooms; hot and cold baths. Los Angeles, 1543 Fort St. 233-4t

NICELY furnished cottage; Punahoa; \$30. Enquire Golden West Clear Store, Merchant St. 2550-1w

TO LET—Storage room in the center of Honolulu. Inquire of A. V. Gear. 2548-1w

LOST.

LOST—Many thousands of dollars through neglecting to have stock sufficiently insured. Honolulu Investment Co. represent four of the strongest fire insurance companies.

LOST—A pair of cuff buttons set with diamond in center, somewhere between Fort St. and Kapalama station. A reward is offered for return of same to W. C. Aehl. 2550-4t

ABNER DANIEL

By...
WILL N. HARBEN
 Author of "Westfront"

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Chapter I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, closing a trade of \$5,000 in mill stock for 5,000 acres of mountain land. Mrs. Bishop and their son Alan object to the trade. Mrs. Bishop's brother, Abner Daniel, tells a story. II.—The sale over. Bishop boasts that his land is on a prospective railroad. Tompkins, the former owner, has just unloaded a tract of 2,000 acres adjoining Bishop's. III.—Bishop goes to Atlanta to see Lawyer Perkins, who told him about the railroad. He has been deceived. The old man is so cast down that he returns home without seeing his brother William or his daughter Adele, who is at her uncle's in Atlanta. IV.—Bishop has bought 20,000 acres of mountain land in all and mortgaged his plantation. Abner tells Alan to consult Hayburn Miller, a land speculator. V.—Miller tells Alan about a dance at Darley. Alan's sweetheart, Dolly Barclay, will be there. Frank Hillhouse is attentive to Dolly. Craig, the banker, VI.—Dolly tells Alan that her father objects to his love quest. Barclay has also been caught on mountain land. VII and VIII.—Miller gives Alan cynical advice on love. Dolly's mother talks to her of her own love experiences. Dolly unhappy. IX.—Abner and Rev. Mr. Dole discuss religion. Pole Baker, the ex-moonshiner whom Alan has reformed. X.—Abner goes to Barclay's, and Dolly talks to him of Alan. He tells Alan of his own sweetheart who died and he still loves her. Alan will hope and wait. XI and XII.—Alan goes to Miller with a project for a railroad to the land. He redeems Pole Baker from the prison gang. XIII.—Miller sends news by Dolly to Alan about his railroad project. She disputes Miller's cynical views of love. XIV.—Miller interests Tillman Wilson, president of the Southern Land and Timber company, in the mountain road. Loan of \$25,000 arranged on Bishop's tract. XV and XVI.—The deal finished with a verbal option for the company to take the land at \$100,000. XVII and XVIII.—Miller meets Alan's sister Adele in Atlanta and is smitten. Craig's bank fails. Bishop loses his money. Dolly sends word to Alan that she loves him more than ever. XIX and XX.—Miller takes the news of the failure to the Bishop. Pole Baker and Abner suspect that Craig is hiding his money.

CHAPTER XXII.

About noon that day as Pole Baker sat on a fallen tree near the roadside in the loneliest spot of that rugged country, his horse grazing behind him, he saw Craig coming up the gradual incline from the creek. Pole stood up and caught the bridle rein of his horse and muttered:

"Now, Pole Baker, darn yore hide, you've got brains—at least some folks say you have—an' so has he. Ef you don't git the best of that scallawag, you're done fer. You've put purty big things through. Now put this un through or shet up."

"Well, here you are," merrily cried out the ex-banker as he came up. He was smiling expectantly. "Your secret's safe with me. I haven't met a soul that I know since I left town."

"I'm glad you didn't, Mr. Craig," Pole said. "I don't want anybody a-meddlin' with my business." He pointed up the rather steep and rocky road that led gradually up the mountain. "We've got two or three mile further to go. Have you had any dinner?"

"I put a cold biscuit and a slice of ham in my pocket," said Craig. "It'll do me till supper."

Pole mounted and led the way up the unfrequented road.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Craig, that I used to be a moonshiner in these mountains, an'—"

"Lord, I knew that, Baker. Who doesn't, I'd like to know?"

Pole's big booted legs swung back and forth like pendulums from the flanks of his horse.

"I was a-goin' to tell you that I had a hide out, whar I kept stuff stored, that wasn't knowed by one livin' man."

"Well, you must have had a slick place from all I've heard," said Craig, still in his vast good humor with himself and everybody else.

"That's jest it; but I've got the mouth of it closed up so it ud fool even a bloodhound."

Half an hour later Pole drew rein in a most isolated spot, near a great yawning canyon from which came a roaring sound of rushing water and clashing winds. The sky overhead was blue and cloudless; the air at that altitude was crisp and stretched, and held the odor of spruce pine. With a laugh Pole dismounted. "What ef I was to tell you, Mr. Craig, that you was in ten yards o' my old den right now?"

Craig looked about in surprise. "I'd think you was making fun of me—tenderfootin', as we used to say out west."

"I'm givin' it to you straight," said Pole, pointing with his riding switch. "Do you see that pile o' rocks?"

Craig nodded.

"Right under them two flat ones is the mouth o' my den," said Pole. "Now let's hitch to that hemlock an' I'll show you the whole thing."

When they had fastened their horses to swinging limbs in a dense thicket of laurel and rhododendron bushes, they went to the pile of rocks.

"I toted mighty nigh all of 'em from higher up," Pole explained. "Some o' the biggest I rolled down from that cliff above."

"I don't see how you are going to get into your hole in the ground," said Craig, with a laugh of pleasant anticipation.

Pole picked up a big smooth stick of hickory, shaped like a crowbar, and thrust the end of it under the largest rock. "Hu! I'll show you in a jiffy."

It was an enormous stone weighing over three hundred pounds; but with his strong lever and knotted muscles the ex-moonshiner managed to slide it slowly to the right, disclosing a black hole about two feet square in the ragged stone. From this protruded into the light the ends of a crude ladder leading down about twenty-five feet to the bottom of the cave.

"Ligh!" Craig shuddered as he peered into the dank blackness. "You don't mean that we are to go down there?"

It was a crisis. With his big feet dangling in the hole, Pole threw himself back and gave vent to a hearty, prolonged laugh that went ringing and echoing about among the cliffs and chasms.

"I toted this ud make your flesh crawl," he said. "Looks like the openin' to the bad place, don't it?"

"It certainly does," said Craig, somewhat reassured by Pole's levity.

"Why, it ain't more'n forty feet square," said Pole. "Wait till I run down an' make a light. I've got some fat pine torches down at the foot of the last."

"Well, I believe I will let you go first," said Craig, with an uneasy little laugh.

Pole went down the ladder, recklessly thumping his heels on the rungs. He was lost to sight from above, but in a moment Craig heard him strike a match and saw the red, glowing flame of a sputtering torch from which twisted a rope of smoke. When it was well ablaze, Pole called up the ladder. "Come on now, an' watch whar you put yore feet. This end o' the ladder is sold as the rock o' Gibraltar."

The square of daylight above was cut off, and in a moment the ex-banker stood beside his guide.

"Now come down this way," said Pole, and with the torch held high he led the way into a part of the chamber where the rock overhead sloped down lower. Here lay some old whisky barrels, two or three inger beer kegs and the iron hoops of several barrels that had been burned. There were several one gallon jugs with corncob stoppers. Pole swept his hand over them with a laugh. "If you was a drinkin' man, I could treat you to a thimbleful or two left in them jugs," he said almost apologetically.

"But I don't drink, Baker," Craig said. His premonition of danger seemed to have returned to him and to be driven in by the dank coolness of the cavern, the evidence of past outlawry around him.

Pole heaped his pieces of pine against a rock and added to them the chunks of some barred staves, which set up a lively popping sound like a tiny fusillade of artillery.

"You see that rock behind you, Mr. Craig?" asked Pole. "Well, set down on it. Before we go any further me'n you've got to have a understanding."

The old man stared hesitatingly for an instant, and then, after carefully feeling of the stone, he complied.

"I thought we already—but, of course," he said haltingly. "I'm ready to agree to anything that'll make you feel safe."

"I kinder lowed you would," And, to Craig's overwhelming astonishment, Pole drew a revolver from his hip pocket and looked at it, turning the cylinder with a deft thumb.

"You mean, Baker?"—But Craig's words remained unborn in his bewildered brain. The rigor of death itself seemed to have beset his tongue. A cold sweat broke out on his skin.

"I mean that I've took the trouble to fetch you heer to—purpose, Mr. Craig, an' thar ain't any use in beatin' about the bush to git at it."

Craig made another effort at utterance, but failed. Pole could hear his rapid breathing and see the terrified gleaming of his wide open eyes.

"You've had a lots o' death's, Mr. Craig," said Pole. "You've made yore mistakes an' had yore good luck, but

"You mean to kill a helpless man?" The words were like a prayer.

"I'd bottle you up heer to die," said Pole Baker firmly. "You've met me in this lonely spot, an' no man could lay yore end to me. In fact, all that know you would swear you'd run off from the folks you've defrauded. You see, nothin' but that money o' Alan Bishop's kin possibly save you. You know that well enough, an' thar ain't a bit o' use palaverin' about it. I've fetched a pen an' ink an' paper, an' you've got to write me an order for the money. If I have to go as far off as Atlanta, I'll take the fast train an' go after it. If I git the money, you git out; ef I don't, you won't see me ag'in n'r nobody else till you face yore Maker."

Craig bent over his knees and groaned.

"You think I have money," he said, straightening up. "Oh, my God!"

"I know it," said Pole. "I don't think anything about it—I know it."

He took out the pen and ink from his pants pocket and unfolded a sheet of paper. "Git to work," he said. "You needn't try to turn me, you durned old hog!"

Craig raised a pair of wide open, helpless eyes to the rigid face above him.

"Oh, my God!" he said again.

"You let God alone an' git down to business," said Pole, taking a fresh hold of the handle of his weapon. "I'm not goin' to waste time with you. Either you git me Alan Bishop's money or you'll die. Hurry up!"

"Will you keep faith with me—if—"

"Yes, durn you, why wouldn't I?" A gleam of triumph flashed in the outlaw's eyes.

The ex-banker had taken the pen and Pole spread out the sheet of paper on his knees.

"You're trapped me!"

you never did a bigger fool thing 'an you did when you listened to my tale about that lump o' gold."

"You've trapped me!" burst from Craig's quivering lips.

"That's about the size of it."

"But—why?" The words formed the beginning and the end of a gasp.

Pole towered over him, the revolver in his tense hand.

Mr. Craig, that is one man in this world that I'd die fer twenty times over. I love 'im more than a brother. That man you've robbed of every dollar an' hope on earth. I've fetched you heer to die a lingerin' death, ef—ef, I say, ef—you don't refund his money."

"That man is Alan Bishop, an' the amount is \$25,000 to a cent."

"But I haven't any money," moaned the crouching figure; "not a dollar that I kin lay my hands on."

"Then you are in a purty bad fix," said Pole. "Unless I git that amount o' money from you you'll never smell a breath o' fresh air or see natural daylight."

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